

DAILY CONFEDERATE.

B. K. MCRAE, Editor.

All letters on business of the Office, to be directed to A. M. GORMAN & CO.

FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1865.

The office of the *Confederate* needs an associate Editor and general business manager and superintendent, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of A. M. Gorman, Esq. Applications will be received to fill this vacancy. Those applying must be practical Printers, and of sufficient experience to take the management of large concerns, with ability to give suitable references.

Address, EDITOR CONFEDERATE.

NOTES.— To WEEKLY AND TRI-WEEKLY Subscribers.—Our friends who are subscribers to the Weekly and Tri-Weekly *Confederate*, will not be supplied with their paper again until further notice. This suspension is the result of several causes, one of which we mention, to wit: the derangement of the mails, brought about by the imprisonment of trains for Government transportation. Our subscribers shall not lose anything by this suspension; the paper will be sent to them to the full amount of subscription, after the present emergencies are passed.

The Responsibility.

After Congress had fixed its day of adjournment—after it had passed its bill to prevent the employment of negroes in the army—after it had disagreed upon the currency bill, and was about to leave the nation at sea on the question of finances—after it had signalized its cowardice and incompetency, and was making the usual packing, previous to a general abasement, Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederacy, standing cool and unawed amid the storm raging around, determined to address one effort to this “so-called” assembly of the people’s representatives, to bring it to a conception of the national peril and the national wants. His message was frank and unreserved. He informed Congress that it had consummated no sufficient legislation for the emergencies, and he invoked the Congress to tarry awhile and try to work out something for the popular safety. He disclosed the fact, that since the attempt at negotiation in Hampton Roads, he had made another effort, in obedience to a suggestion, that the Military commanders could do something towards negotiation.

General Ord, of the Yankee army, had intimated to Gen. Longstreet, that if a convention of the chief military commanders were convened, an adjustment might be possible.—Thereupon, the President, at once, instructed General Lee to seek a compromise with Grant, for the purpose; but Grant declined, alledging that he had no authority to enter on any other than a purely military conference. This would seem to give the final blow to peace efforts, except by the ordeal of battle.

And, now, the President, after this disclosure, recommends to Congress three measures for the public

The abolition of class exemptions.

The suspension of the Habeas Corpus.

The creation of a general militia.

These measures, if adopted, would produce to the cause the full strength of the nation.—It is not known that Congress has met the recommendation. If it has failed, the dread responsibility is upon its head, and if we betide us, that body will be buried beneath the odium of outraged people.

But the cause is not lost, though Congress has been bankrupt of bold energy and honest patriotism. A spirit is abroad in the land, that the independence of the people must and shall be preserved. Some other “rock will be struck,” out of which will flow the waters of liberty to quench the thirst of this famishing people. Lee and Johnston and Beauregard are still at the head of armies; they have the confidence of the nation; they hold the affections of their troops. Where they lead, the true soldiers will follow. If Congress will not uphold government, constitutional government; if it be incapable or unwilling to wage the war, itself has declared; the army, coming to the aid of the President, and standing Godfather to the Confederacy, will create a government, and will uphold it and maintain it until some other body, more worthy than Congress, can be found to assume the civil conduct of affairs.

An inflexible mind, an honest heart, a strong hand will be raised by Providence, in the moment of extreme need; and as the whirlwind catches the dust of the earth, and holds it in its revolutions, so, this special agent of the crisis, will gather into his influence the elements and resources of the country, and let the world see what indomitable will is.

Kinston.

An affair, which happened at Kinston some ten days ago, has been greatly misrepresented and exaggerated into positive disaster.

We see that our respected contemporary, of the Daily *Watchman*, has heard that “a battle was fought, in which we were worsted, and that necessitated the evacuation of Kinston.”—This is an entire mistake; no battle was fought after the first move of Gen. Bragg, when he took fifteen hundred prisoners and drove the enemy three miles. What has been magnified into a battle, was a movement of Gen. Hoke, to turn the enemy’s flank. We understand that he was misdirected by his guide and brought in contact with the enemy’s front lines; no assault was attempted. The fight which ensued, was conducted only by Kirkland’s Brigade, and was merely desultory; and the result was not material on either side.

The evacuation of Kinston did not depend, in any degree, upon that affair.

Beware of rumors! They are as current as there are mouths to utter them. Everything is moving well.

Our Generals.

When the Confederacy has the good fortune to secure on one field, the united abilities of Gen. Johnston and Gen. Beauregard, the people may rest secure, that, whatever there is available, in a knowledge of the science of war, will be brought into service, and if we fail, it will not be for the lack of competent generalship.

The co-operation of these two leaders is fortunate in itself. There are not two other minds, at the head of our armies, which act more in concert than theirs. They achieved, together, the first great victory of the war, and, since then they have been in harmony.

Both of these Generals have a wonderful faculty of inspiring troops. Johnston has it—really we cannot tell how, for, he is repulsive to those who casually encounter him. He has none of the *bonhomie* of Stonewall Jackson. Nevertheless, as you see the way worn and hard travelled veteran of Tennessee, toiling along to the front, since he heard that Johnston was to be his leader, you may be sure there is an attraction, not only of genius, but of something gentler, which takes its way to the soldier’s heart. Gen. Beauregard, on the contrary, wins his way to the hearts of all who come within his reach. He was the idol of the army of Manassas, and afterward of the people of South Carolina, and we predict that when these two strike their blow the Confederate will stand erect.

Courage then, to the people of North Carolina! Strange as you may think it, we feel that you have not had a blessing, since the war, better bestowed, than this contiguity of Sherman. Use it—be united—be firm—yield to the cause—sacrifice for it—respond to the demands of the occasion, and not many days will elapse, before, loyal hearts will pulsate with joy, and all the stars, that are propitious, will shine out in the heavens with resplendent splendor.

How Sherman treats Union Men.

We have the authority of one of the most respectable gentlemen in the State, who was captured in Richmond county, for the assertion, that Sherman and his bandits make no distinction between loyal Confederates, and those who are deserting their country, and endeavoring to cajole the enemy, by assurances, that they have never done anything for secession. This gentleman says that whenever one of these unionists found him or herself, in the presence of the Yankees, they asserted that they had never been for the war—had never counseled secession—but had “never said or done anything to encourage the war.” And the Yankees answered by telling them, “this is all stuff; if you have not stood by your country here, it is time you should stand by the country you now profess; fork over your pocket-book;” and these poor springing spaniels had to yield up, what they had so basely and cowardly tried to preserve. The best mode for true patriots is, to defy the bandits. If we fall before them at last, let us fall like men who have been blessed by Providence with something of patriotic pride and courage. Together, unanimously, we went out of the Union—took the world the picture of an indomitable people, unawed by terror, and undaunted by misfortune.

There is, however, enough of manhood in the Yankees, even, to appreciate high devotion and lofty courage. He who thinks to escape the fate of his fellows by a base servility, will find that he has “built his house upon the sand.”

A meeting of the Soldiers’ Relief Society will be held, this (Friday) morning, at the residence of Mrs. Robert Lewis, at 11 o’clock, a.m.

A Right Good Joke.—A day or two ago, a lieutenant rode up to a house, and informed the good lady, that he was an Impressing Agent, and that he would be under the very disagreeable necessity of impressing her horse, which was then standing in the yard.

“But you can’t have my horse,” she replied.

“I must have him,” the agent said, “for my orders are imperative, to impress every horse fit for service.”

The lady eyed him a moment, and then replied, good humoredly: “no officer with a single bar upon his collar can take that horse,” pointing to her husband, “for a man with a star on his collar, came here, on the same errand, yesterday, and he told me I could keep him. If a two-starred man comes along, why I suppose the horse must go; but a single bar can’t get him.”

The lieutenant smiled, and bidding the lady a good-morning, went his way much amused at the coolness she exhibited.

Capt. Basil C. Manly of this City, so well and favorably known as the Commanding Officer of the Ellis Light Artillery (“Manly’s Battery”) has been promoted to the rank of Major.—*Conservative*.

We take great pleasure in giving publicity to a promotion so richly merited. Capt. Manly was among the first who buckled on their swords in defense of their country, and none have stood more gallantly by their country’s flag than he.

The avaricious man is like the barren, sandy ground of the desert, which sucks in all the rains with greediness, but yields no fruitful herbs for the benefit of others.

“How are you, John? I’m deuced glad to see you!” “Very well, Charley. Come and take a drink, old fellow. Tisn’t often we meet.” “That’s a fact, John; and when we do, it’s meat and drink.”

An Arkansas traveler says that he knew a young fellow down South who used to seduce a young woman, he rubbed off his nose kissing her shadow on the wall.—*South Carolinian*.

A Hopeful Article from the New York News.

WHAT OUR ENEMIES SAY—THEY ARE IN POSITION TO KNOW MORE THAN WE.

It is evident that all we need is a short career of united action.

MR. LINCOLN’S RESPONSIBILITY.

A people that, for peace or war, for happiness or misfortune, for ruin or salvation, depend upon the virtue and sagacity of a single individual, can hardly be said to have realized the principle of self-government. Civil war has disorganized our political system that the many millions of intelligent freemen that constitute the population of the North are powerless to-day to control their own destiny at its crisis. Like children under thorough discipline we are all awaiting to suspense the action of the absolute power, centered upon Mr. Lincoln, that is to pronounce at its own volition whether there shall be peace or war. It is therefore but natural that the most intense anxiety should exist throughout the land, until this man, great in the authority that he holds, but weak and fallible in his attributes of humanity as any of the millions over whom his scepter reaches, shall have determined, for weal or woe, upon the questions submitted to him.

In the cabin of a small steamboat that rolls lazily at anchor at the mouth of the James River, events are transpiring, or have transpired, that surpass in importance all the deliberations of Congress—all the vast movements of armies in the field. The loud declamations of partisan orators, the thunder of death-dealing artillery, the rude voice of battle when the shock is fiercest and most deadly, have no meaning and no result in comparison with the import of the grave and uncompromised words that are passing, or have passed, from the lips of the five quiet, thoughtful men, whose deliberations the attention of our countrymen, North and South, is fixed with painful expectancy.

The result of that interview will not only decide whether there is to be peace or war between the sections, but whether republicanism shall hold its own upon this continent. It is idle to ignore the circumstances that attest that Mr. Lincoln has measured to the full extent his fearful responsibility.

He is in possession of information that points out to him the perilous ground on which he stands, and he knows that every word he utters at this crisis will vibrate with a terrible significance at the Tuilleries no less than at Richmond. If he had not been aware that his present action involved something beyond the relations between the sections—if he had not known that the lapse of a few short months would witness the armed intervention of the Powers of Europe in behalf of the South, he would not have posted in hot haste to meet the Vice-President of the Confederacy, upon whom, at a former period, when seeking an interview upon a similar errand, he turned his back with an arrogant and rude rebuff. The Confederacy was then dependent upon its own resources, and it seemed safe to raise a wretched point of etiquette as an obstacle to recognition. But to-day there are other influences recognized. Forms hitherto unused begin to rise above the dark horizon, and advance with threatening aspect into the arena. The tricolor of France can be seen hastening to blend with the stars and bars; and even the caricature of statesmanship that prevails at Washington is conscious of the necessity of an immediate compromise with the South, to prevent that alliance, fatal to the republicanism of the Western World.

If our people have not manhood enough to face the facts, then it may serve them to play the ostrich and hide their heads in the bush to ignore the danger until it reaches them.—Three years ago we foretold, in the event of a pro-longation of the war, the collision that is now inevitable between France and this Republic. Both Houses of the Federal Congress have decided that the seceded States, or most of them, were not entitled to representation in the Electoral College for the choice of President and Vice-President for the term of office commencing on the fourth of March next; and that exclusion of these States from our political system will be a sufficient pretext for Napoleon to found the theory that these States have ceased to be integral parts of the United States of America. The crafty Frenchman proposes to have his ports on the Pacific and his inexhaustible resources in the mineral territory of Mexico, and he intends to oblige us to recognize him as a sovereign master.

The flames of Columbia, Winnsboro and Camden have illuminated Sherman’s march across the fair plains of South Carolina, and thrown a lurid and instructive light upon the spirit of that Government which the Yankees boastfully vaunts as “the best Government on the face of the earth.” We have no need now to appeal to the historical ravages of Genghis Khan or Tamerlane for examples of barbarity; nor will the devastating march of Hyder Ali through the Carnatic, or Cossack raids over prostrate Poland, be sought by impassioned eloquence to illustrate the fury of savage war. Direful as these have been, and much as they have shocked the world with their brutality, they were houses in their wrath, and sought not to cover with the mantle of hypocritical tenderness, the workings of their fury. A higher development of savagery now stands before the world, to pale its past record of war.

The narrative which we gave in yesterday’s issue of Sherman’s acts in Columbia, exhibits the highest union of the savage and the hypocrite. While permitting his uncontrolled soldiery to fire the city in a thousand places, he ostentatiously mocks the misery or weep with hypocritical expressions of sympathy with suffering. We are told that Nero fiddled while Rome was burning. He, too, at least, was honest. But Tecumseh Sherman is wanting in that merit. While the homes of unprotected women and children are given to the consuming flames, he is sorry forsooth, and wishes it were not so. Yet, a single word from his lips, a single wave of his hand, would have stopped the spread of the devastating element among the widely separated houses, which had to be ignited singly in order to secure the destruction of the city.

The world will not be deceived by these simulated expressions of the Yankee commander; nor will our people be beguiled into a false security by his demagogic expressions of pity. It is but the play of the tiger with its victim, enjoying the flood and ebb of its fears. Let no one hug to his heart the fallacious hope that there is mercy in such a fool—nor for a moment entertain a belief that he will spare them a single drop of the bitter cup which he commands to their lips. His heart’s wish is to secure the “crucifixion of the soul” as well as of the body; and his course to the unhappy citizens of Columbia will be a warning to all.—*South Carolinian*.

The reader will find in our columns to-day a communication from a very distinguished Englishman. Beyond an assurance that his position and character entitle whatever he says to respect, it is not our purpose to bespeak such favor for his views as would imply our own implicit confidence in them; neither do we undertake to say how far they may be due to bisown High Church and party partialities. Indeed, we cannot bring ourselves to change our oft-told estimate of British neutrality, for all that our correspondent sets forth, by way of exclamation or extenuation.

That the construction he puts on Britain’s line of conduct is plausible, and, perhaps, true, does not materially affect our reiterated objections to it: objections pointed so much at the inception of the policy itself, as at the unfair and invidious distinctions its practice tolerates. Nor are we convinced that any sensible variation is likely to occur, soon, that will improve our prospects, in respect to this settled neutrality. No matter for the feelings of a kindly section of her people—no matter for the probable, or possible, accession of a better Government, we are still constrained to believe that Britain’s present course will not, for some time, essentially alter. Why? Because her leading men, of any party, will not countenance the sympathy of their followers, if it threatens to lead into any of the domestic dangers which exist, and which we cannot clearly comprehend at this distance; and because the very excuse offered by our correspondent are not likely to undergo any such modification as would justify the very risks upon which he rests the defence of his country’s policy.

We may, however, be pleased, if not profited, by such an exposition of England’s real inclination as our correspondent treats us to. The Monster Petition he mentions is one of those who apprehended its failure; but he had no “prophetic idea” of the ignominious fate in store for Lord Wharncliffe’s effort. How could those Britons have expected anything better when dosing with such a people as the Down-Easters? Looking at this ponderous petition for peace from a Yankee, and not from an English standpoint, they regarded it as a copied Yankee notion thrust on a real Yankee market. It was taken as an over-reaching device to win favors by consulting the Yankee predilection for things magnitudinous. Did not the astute Seward well know with what facility hundreds of thousands of Yankee names could be attached to a Yankee petition, for any and everything? Of course what could be readily done in Yankee land was supposed to be quite feasible in Britain. Had not Seward a vivid recollection of a certain petition, once got up in the Yankee capital by a waggoner Congressman, who wagered that he would obtain signatures to a supplication for the hanging of a certain popular Secretary? Did he not remember how quickly the sportive Member secured signers, not only a respectable number of signers, but of a respectable character, and, amongst them, the signature of the identical personage whose execution was demanded, by the document he innocently endorsed—to oblige his next friend?

Seward has, therefore, a profound Yankee contempt for petitioners; having a Yankee conceit of their intrinsic worth. What did it signify if this particular “petition” was genuine in all its features? What mattered it, though its bulky propositions challenged veneration from those who idolized any frantic humbug, if it be only vast? What did it serve the suppliant that their arguments were good and their motives better? What though even Wharncliffe’s effort was generous and genuine? What, indeed! Pray, who were these benignant Britons, that they should presume to lecture the magnifico and magnanimous potentate of Yankee-dom? Why should they be acknowledged as humanitarian politicians? Thus recognizing their invasion of a branch of business which the Yankees strive to monopolize. These Britons were, moreover, avowed “Southern sympathizers”; insolent mendicants craving “aid and comfort” for insurgents. Their monster petition implied, very directly, that Jonathan was some what deficient, somewhere, in his Brevetee; that all his “milk of human kindness” had been lapped up by cloven-footed Barbarity.—Go to go to! ye over-sympathetic British! How could you think of such a thing? and having thought of it, how dare you adduce such affecting truths as could thus trench on delicate themes? Did you not know the Yankees are an extremely sensitive people, and have a holy horror, not only of what men teach their plethoric pretexts, but their philanthropic pietutes? British petitioners did not rush frantically forward to his embrace. Mr. Seward seemed busily arranging the papers on his desk, and this occupation lasted so long that the colored gentleman, who was supposed to be the new Supreme Court counsellor, had time to talk his petitioners up to the other Senators in the group. He met with no better success in that quarter. Nothing daunted, he again approached Senator Sumner, who returned the nod somewhat coldly; and much to the disappointment of those who witnessed the scene, did not rush frantically forward to his embrace. Mr. Seward seemed busily arranging the papers on his desk, and this occupation lasted so long that the colored gentleman, who was supposed to be the new Supreme Court counsellor, had time to talk his petitioners up to the other Senators in the group. He met with no better success in that quarter. Nothing daunted, he again approached Senator Sumner, who returned the nod somewhat coldly; and much to the disappointment of those who witnessed the scene, did not rush frantically forward to his embrace.

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It seemed as if there was a reaction from the abolition sentiments of the inaugural, and every negro boy got an extra push on account of his color. There were no remarks about the ceremonies, for all were occupied in taking care of themselves and each other.—Confusion worse confounded reigned supreme.

LOST FOREVER.—An old paper gives the following item, which we hope may operate as a caution to others to guard against similar losses:

“Lost, the other day, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered—for they are gone forever.”

The following is an alarming evidence of the progress of the photographic. A lady last week had her likeness taken by a photographer, and he executed it so well that her husband preferred it to the original.

“What are you drunk again?” “No, my dear, not drunk, but a little tipsy. The fact is, my dear, some scoundrel has been rubbing my boots till they are as smooth as a pane of glass.”

Love changes all into splendor, even tears and the grave, and before us, life like the declining sun of the longest day of the North Sea, touches only with its rim the passing earth, and rises again, like morning in the arch of Heaven.

Abolitionism, ‘set on fire of hell,’ presents us a vile compound of Moloch and Mammon without one single redeeming quality for the coming historian to notice, as he hands them down to the deep damnation of future ages.

DIED,

On the 13th instant at the residence of W. D. Jones Esq., Warren county N. C., JAMES WADDELL Esq., of Petersburg Va. Aged 68 years.